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POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

Alas! 'Tis done, her spirit 's fled
To God above the skies;
Entom'd among the silent dead,
Her body quiet lies.

Her youthful days in pleasure past,
In innocence and mirth;
Her goodness pure, of brilliant cast,
Did still increase her worth.

Her heart could feel for other's grief—
To sympathy inclin'd;
Sweet counsel give, t' impart relief,
To the dejected mind.

But ago, that 's ever hastening fast,
Brought sickness to alloy;—
Her summer days, to soon o'er cast,
And pleasures to destroy.

Her flowing spirits were deprest
By sickness, pain, and grief;
All which she yielded to, at last,
Finding there was no relief.

For no one here had power to give
The balm of health and peace;
She longer with her friends might live,
And pain and illness cease.

But death, the life-destroyer, came
And sought her for his own;
She calm, surrendered to the same,
And left her friends to mourn.

Alas! 'Tis finished, fare thee well,
Our mother and our friend,
On thee our mem'ry 'll pensive dwell,
Till time shall have an end.

We must leave thee to sleep in thy narrow bed,
On a tranquil pillow to rest thy head,
To repose undisturbed beneath the sod,
Till the dead shall be raised by the trump of God.

Paris. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Dead Boxer.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

[CONCLUDED.]

The crowd was now on tiptoe, and all necks were stretched over the shoulders of those who stood before them, in order to see, if possible, what the feat could be which he intended to perform. Having received the half-hundred weight from the hands of the man who brought it, he approached the widow's cottage, and sent in a person to apprize *Lamh Laudher* of his intention to throw it over the house, and to request that he would witness this proof of his strength.—Lamh Laudher delayed a few minutes, and the Dead Boxer stood in the now silent crowd, awaiting his appearance, when accidentally glancing into the door, he started as if stung by a serpent. A flash and a glare of his fierce blazing eyes followed.

'Ha! damnation! true as hell!' he exclaimed, '*she's* with him! Ha! the Obeah-woman was right—the Obeah woman was right. Guilt, guilt, guilt! Ha!'

With terror and fury upon his huge dark features, he advanced a step or two into the cottage, and in a voice of that resembled the under-growl of an enraged bull, said to his wife, for it was she:—

'You will *never* repeat this—I am aware of you; I know you now! Fury! prepare yourself; I say so to BOTH! Ha!'

Neither she nor Lamh Laudher had an opportunity of replying to him, for he ran in a mood perfectly savage to the half-hundred weight, which he caught by the ring, whirled it round him two or three times, and to the amazement of the thousands who were crowded about him, flung it over the roof of the cottage.

Lamh Laudher had just left the cabin in time to witness the feat, as well as to observe more closely the terrific being in his full strength and fury, with whom he was to wage battle on the following day. Those who watched his countenance, observed that it blenched for a moment, and that the color came and went upon his cheek.

"Now, young fellow,' said the Boxer, 'get behind the cabin and throw back the weight.'

Lamh Laudher hesitated, but ultimately was proceeding to make the attempt, when a voice from the crowd, in tones that were evidently disguised, shouted:—

'Don't be a fool, young man; husband your strength, for you will want it.'

The Dead Boxer started again: 'Ha!' he exclaimed, after listening acutely, 'fury of hell! are you there? ha! I'll grasp *you* yet, though.'

The young man, however, felt the propriety of this friendly caution. 'The person who spoke is right,' said he, 'whoever he is. I *will* husband my strength,' and he passed again into the cabin.

The Boxer's countenance exhibited dark and flitting shadows of rage. That which the European cheek would have been the redness of deep resentment, appeared on his, as the scarlet blood struggled with the gloomy hue of his complexion, rather like a tincture that seemed to borrow its character more from the darkness of his soul, than from the colour of his skin. His brow, black and lowering as a thunder-cloud, hung fearfully over his eyes, which he turned upon Lamh Laudher when he entered the hut, as if he could have struck him dead with a look. Having desired the drums to beat, and the dead march to be resumed, he proceeded along the streets until he arrived at the Inn, from the front of which the dismal flag of death flapped slowly and heavily in the breeze. At this moment the death-bell of the town church tolled, and the sexton of the parish bustled through the crowd to inform him that the grave which he had ordered to be made was ready.

The solemnity of these preparations, joined to the almost super-human proof of bodily strength which he had just given, depressed every heart, when his young and generous adversary was contrasted with him. Deep sorrow for the fate of Lamh Laudher prevailed through out the town; the old men sighed at the folly of his rash and fatal obstinacy, and the females shed tears at the sacrifice of one whom all had loved. From the Inn, hundreds of the crowd rushed to the churchyard, where they surveyed the newly made grave with shudderings and wonder at the strangeness of the events which had occurred in the course of the day. The death music, the muffled drums, the black flag, the mournful tolling of the sullen bell, together with the deep grave that lay open before them, appeared rather to resemble the fearful pageant of a gloomy dream, than the reality of incidents that actually passed before their eyes. Those who came to see the grave, departed with heaviness and a sad foreboding of what was about to happen; but fresh crowds kept pouring towards it for the remainder of the day, until the dusky shades of a summer night drove them to their own hearths, and left the churchyard silent.

The appearance of the Dead Boxer's wife in the house where Lamh Laudher resided, confirmed, in its worst sense, that which Nell M'Collum had suggested to him. It is unnecessary to describe the desolating sweep of passion which a man, who, like him, was the slave of strong resentments, must have suffered. It was not only from motives of avarice and a natural love of victory, that he felt anxious to fight; to these was now added a dreadful certainty that Lamh Laudher was the man in existence who had inflicted on him an injury, for which nothing but the pleasure of crushing him to atoms with his own hands could atone. The approaching battle, therefore, with his direst enemy, was looked upon by the Dead Boxer as an opportunity of glutting his revenge. When the crowd had dispersed, he called a waiter, and desired him to [illegible] to ascertain, and the Boxer walked backwards and forwards in a state of mind easily conceived, muttering curses and vows of vengeance against her and Lamh Laudher. After some minutes he was informed that she had not returned, upon which he gave orders that on the very instant of her appearance at the Inn, she should be sent to him. The waiter's story, in this instance was incorrect; but the wife's apprehension of his violence, overcome every other consideration, and she resolved, for some time, to avoid him. He had, in fact, on more than one occasion, openly avowed his jealousy of her and O'Rorke, and that in a manner which made the unhappy woman tremble for her life. She felt, therefore, from what had just occurred at widow Rorke's cabin, that she must seperate herself from him, especially as he was susceptible neither of reason nor remonstrance. Every thing conspired to keep his bad passions in a state of tumult. Nell M'Collum, whom he wished to consult once more upon the recovery of his money, could not be found.. This, too, galled him; for avarice, except during the whirlwind of jealousy, was the basis of his character—the predominant passion of his heart. After cooling a little, he called for his servant, who had been in the habit of acting for him in the capacity of second, and began, with his assistance, to make preparation for to-morrow's battle.

Nothing now could exceed the sympathy which was felt for young Lamh Laudher, yet, except among his immediate friends, there was little exertion made to prevent him from accelerating his own fate. So true is it that public feeling scruples not to gratify its appetite for excitment, even at the risk of actual cost of human life. His parents and relations mourned him as if he had been already dead. The grief of his mother had literally broken down her voice so much, that from hoarseness, she was almost unintelligible.—His aged father sat and wept like a child; and it was in vain that any of their friends attempted to console them. During the latter part of the day, every melancholy stroke of the death-bell, pierced their hearts; the dead march, too, and the black flag waving, as if in triump over the lifeless body of their only son, the principal support of their declining years, filled them with a gloom and terror, which death, in its common shape would not have inspired. This savage pageant on the part of the Dead Boxer, besides being calculated to daunt the heart of any man who might accept his challenge, was a cruel mockery of the solemnities of death. In this instance it produced such a sensation as never had been felt in that part of the country. An uneasy feeling of wild romance, mingled with apprehension, curiosity, fear and amazement, all conspired to work upon the imaginations of a people in whom that quality is exuberant, until the general excitement became absolutely painful.

Perhaps there was not one among his nearest friends who felt more profound regret for having been the occasion of his disgrace, and consequently of the fate to which he had exposed him, than Meehaul Neil. In the course of that day he sent his father to old Lamh Laudher, to know if yough O'Rorke would grant him an interview, the object of which was to dissuade him against the battle.

'Tell him,' said the latter, with composure still tinged with a sorrowful spirit, 'that I will not see him to-day. To-morrow I may, and if I don't, tell him that for his sister's sake, he has my forgiveness.'

The introduction of the daughter's name shortened the father's visit, who left him in silence.

Ellen, however, had struggles to endure which pressed upon her heart with an anguish bitter in proportion to the secrecy rendered necessary by the dread of her relations. From the moment she heard of Lamh Laudher's challenge, and saw the funeral appendages with which the Dead Boxer had darkened the preparations for the fight, she felt her heart sink, from a conciousness that she had been indirectly the murderer of her lover. Her countenance became ghastly pale, and her frame was seized with a tremor which she could hardly conceal. She would have been glad to have shed tears, but tears were denied her. Except the Boxer's wife, there was none to whom she could disclose her misery; but, alas! for once, that amiable creature was incapable of affording her consolation. She, herself felt distress resulting both from the challenge and her husband's jealousy, almost equal to that of Ellen.

'I know not how it is,' said she, 'but I cannot account for the interest I feel in that young man. Yet, surely, it is natural, when we consider that I owe my life to him. Still, independently of that, I never heard his voice, that it did not fall upon my heart like the voice of a friend. We must, if possible, change his mind,' she added, wiping away her tears, 'for I know that if he fights that terrible man, he will be killed.'

At Ellen's request, she consented to see Lamh Laudher, with a view of entreating him, in her name, to decline the fight. Nor were her own solicitations less urgent. With tears and grief which could not be affected, she besought him not to rush upon certain death—said that Ellen could not survive it—pleaded the claims of his aged parents, and left no argument untouched that could apply to his situation and conduct.—Lamh Laudher, however, was inexorable, and she relinquished an attempt that she felt to be ineffectual. The direction of her husband's attention so unexpectedly to widow Rorke's cabin, at that moment, and his discovery of her interview with Lamh Laudher, determined her, previously acquainted as she had been with his jealousy, to keep out of his reach, until some satisfactory explanation could be given. Ellen, however, could not rest; her grief had so completely overborne all other considerations, that she cared little, now, whether her friends perceived it or not. On one thing she was fixed, and that was to prevent Lamh Laudher from encountering the Dead Boxer. With this purpose she wrapped herself in a cloak about ten o'clock, and careless whether she was observed or not, went directly towards his aunt's house. About two-thirds of the way had probably been traversed, when a man, wrapped up in a cloak, like herself, accosted her in a low voice, not much above a whisper:—

'Miss Neil,' said he, 'I don't think it would be hard to guess where you are going.'

'Who are you that asks?' said Ellen.

'No matter; but if you happen to see O'Rorke to-night, I have a message to send him that may serve him.'

'Who are you?' again asked Ellen.

'One that cautions *you* to beware of the Dead Boxer, one that pities and respects his unfortunate wife, and one who, as I said, can serve O'Rorke.'

'For God's sake, then, if you can, be quick; for there's little time to be lost,' said Ellen.

'Give him this message,' replied the man, and he whispered half a dozen words into her ear.

'Is *that* true?' she asked him, 'and may he depend on it?'

'He may, as there 's a God above me. Good night!' He passed on at a rapid pace.

When Ellen entered his aunt's humble cabin, Lamh Laudher had just risen from his knees.—Devotion, or piety if you will, as it is in many cases, though undirected by knowledge, may be frequently found among the peasantry associated with objects that would appear to have but little connexion with it. When he saw her, he exclaimed with something like disappointment:—

'Ah! Ellen, dear, why did you come. I would rather you had not crossed me now darling.'

His manner was marked by the same melancholy sedateness which we have already described. He knew the position in which he stood, and did not attempt to disguise what he felt.—His apparent depression, however, had a dreadful effect upon Ellen, who sat down on a stool, and threw back the hood of her cloak; but the aunt placed a little circular arm chair for her somewhat nearer the fire. She declined it in a manner that argued something like incoherence, which occasioned O'Rorke to glance at her more earnestly. He started, on observing the wild lustre of her eye, and the wo-begone paleness of her cheek.

'Ellen,' said he, 'how is this? Has any thing frightened you? Merciful mother! aunt, look at her!'

The distracted girl sank before him on her knees, locked her hands together, and while her eyes sparkled with an unsettled light, exclaimed:—

'John!—John!—Lamh Laudher Oge—forgive me, before you die! I have murdered you.'

'Ellen, love, Ellen ——'

'Do you forgive me? do you? Your blood is upon me, Lamh Laudher Oge!'

'Heavens above! Aunt, she's turned! Do I forgive you, my heart's own treasure? How did you ever offend me, my darling? You know you never did. But if you ever did my own Ellen, I do forgive you.'

'But I murdered you—and that was because my brother said he would do it—an' I got afraid, John, that he might do you harm, an' afraid to tell you too—an'—an' so you promise me you won't fight the Dead Boxer? Thank God! thank God! then your blood will not be upon me.'

'Aunt, she's lost,' he exclaimed, 'the brain of my *colleen dhas* is turned!'

'John, won't you save *me* from the Dead Boxer? There's nobody able to do it but you, Lamh Laudher Oge!'

'Aunt, aunt, my girl 's destroyed,' said John, 'her heart 's broke! Ellen!'

'But to-morrow, John—to-morrow—sure you won't fight him to-morrow? If you do—if you do—he 'll kill you—an' 'twas I that—that ——'

O'Rorke had not thought of raising her from the prosture in which she addressed him, so completely had he been overcome by the frantic vehemence of her manner. He now snatched her up, and placed her in the little arm chair alluded to, but she had scarcely been seated in it, when her hands became clenched, her head sunk, and the heavy burthen of her sorrows was forgotten in a long fit of insensibility.

Lamh Laudher's distraction and alarm prevented him from rendering her much assistance; but the aunt was more cool, and succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in restoring her to life—The tears burst in thick showers from her eyelids, she drew her breath vehemently and rapidly, and, after looking wildly around her, indulged in that natural grief which relieves the heart by tears. In a short time she became composed, and was able to talk collectedly and rationally.

This, indeed, was the severest trial that Lamh Laudher had yet sustained. With all the force of an affection as strong and tender as it was enduring and disinterested, she urged him to relinquish the determination to meet the Dead Boxer on the following day,—John soothed her, chid her, and even bantered her, as a cowardly girl, unworthy of being the sister of Meehaul Neil, but to her, as to all who had attempted to change his purpose, he was immovable. No—the sense of his disgrace had sunk too deeply into his heart, and the random allusions, just made by Ellen herself, to the Dead Boxer's villany, but the more inflamed his resentment against him.

On finding his resolution irrevocable, she communicated to him in a whisper the message which the stranger had sent him. Lamh Laudher, after having heard it, raised his arm rapidly, and his eye gleamed with something like the exultation of a man who has discovered a secret that he had been intensely anxious to learn.—Ellen could now delay no longer, and their seperation resembled that of persons who never expected to meet again. If Lamh Laudher could at this moment have affected even a show of cheerfulness, in spite of Ellen's depression it would have given her great relief. Still, on her part, their parting was a scene of agony and distress which no description could reach; and, on his, it was sorrowful and tender; for neither felt certain that they would ever behold each other in life again.

A dark sunless morning opened the eventful day of this fearful battle. Gloom and melancholy breathed a sad spirit over the town and adjacent country. A sullen breeze was abroad, and black clouds drifted slowly along the heavy sky. The Dead Boxer again had recourse to pageantries of death. The funeral bell tolled heavily during the whole morning, and the black flag flapped more dismally in the sluggish blast than before. At an early hour the town began to fill with myriads of people. Carriages and cars, horsemen and pedestrians, all thronged in one promiscuous stream towards the scene of interest. A dense multitude stood before the Inn, looking with horror on the death flag, and watching for a glimpse of the fatal champion. From this place hundreds of them passed to the house of Lamh Laudher More, and on hearing that the son resided in his aunt's they hurried towards her cabin to gratify themselves with a sight of a man who dared to wage battle with the Dead Boxer. From this cabin, as on the day before, they went to the church-yard, where a platform had been already erected beside the grave. Against the railings of the platform stood the black coffin intended for Lamh Laudher, decorated with black ribbands that fluttered gloomily in the blast. The sight of this, and the grave, completed the wonder and dread which they felt.—As every fresh mass of the crowd arrived, low murmers escaped them, they raised their heads and eyes exclaiming:—

'Poor Lamh Laudher! God be merciful to him!'

As the morning advanced, O'Rorke's faction, as a proof that they were determined to consider the death of their leader as murder, dressed themselves in red ribands, a custom occasionally observed in Ireland even now, at the funerals of those who have been murdered. Their appearance passing to and fro among the crowd, made the scene, with all its associations, absolutely terrible. About eleven o'clock they went in a body to widow Rorke's, for the purpose of once more attempting to dissuade him against the fight. Here a most unexpected intelligence awaited them; Lamh Laudher Oge had disappeared The aunt stated that he had left the house, with a strange man, early that morning, and that he had not returned. Ere many minutes the rumor was in every part of the town, and strong disappointment was felt and expressed against him in several round oaths, by the multitude in general. His father, however, declared his conviction that his son would not shrink from what he had undertaken, and he who had not long before banished him for cowardice, now wept for his courage At the old man's suggestion, his friends still adhered to their resolution of walking to the scene of conflict in a body.

At twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, the black flag was removed from the Inn window, the muffled drums beat, and the music played the same dead march as on the days of uttering the challenge. In a few minutes the Dead Boxer, accompanied by some of the neighboring gentry, made his appearance, preceded by the flag.—From another point, the faction of Lamh Laudher fluttering in blood-red ribands, marched at a solemn pace towards the church-yard. On arriving opposite his aunt's the mother wept aloud, and with one voice all the females who accompanied her, raised the Irish funeral cry. In this manner, surrounded by all the solemn emblems of death, where none was dead, they slowly advanced until they reached the platform. The Dead Boxer, attended by his servant, as second, now ascended the stage, where he stood for a few minutes, until his repeater struck twelve.—That moment he began to strip, which having done, he advanced to the middle of the stage, and in a deep voice required the authorities of the town to produce their champion. To this no answer was returned, for not a man of them could account for the disappearance of Lamh Laudher. A wavy motion, such as passes over the forest top under a low blast, stirred the whole multitude: this was the result of many feelings, but that which prevailed amongst them was disappointment. A second time the Dead Boxer repeated the words, but except the stir and hum which we have described, there was not a voice heard in reply. Lamh Laudher's very friends now felt mortified, and the decaying spirit of the Lamh Laudher More rallied for a moment. His voice alone was heard above the dead silence.

'He *will* come, black,' said he, 'my son will come; and I would now rather see him dead than that he should fear to be a man.'

He had scarcely spoken, when a loud cheer, which came rapidly onward, was heard outside the churchyard. A motion and a violent thrusting aside, accompanied by a second shout—'He's here!' gave intimation of his approach. In about a minute, to the manifest delight of all present, young Lamh Laudher, besmeared with blood, leaped upon the platform. He looked gratefully at the crowd, and in order to prevent perplexing inquires, simply said:—

'Don't be alarmed—I had a slight accident; but I'm not the worse for it'

The cheers of the multitude were now enough to awaken the dead beneath them; and when they had ceased, his father cried out:—

'God support you, boy—you 're my true son, an' I know you 'll show them what the Lamh Laudher blood an' the Lamh Laudher blow is.'

The young man looked about him for a moment, and appeared perplexed.

'I'm here alone,' said he, 'is there any among you that will second me?'

Hundreds immediately volunteered this office; but there was *one* who immediately sprung upon the stage, to the no small surprise of all present—it was Meehaul Neil. He approached Lamh Laudher and extended his hand, which was received with cordiality.

'Meehaul,' said O'Rorke, 'I thank you for this!'

'Do not,' replied the other, 'no man has such a *right* to stand by you *now* as I have. I never knew till this mornin' why you didn't strike me the last night we met.'

The Dead Boxer stood with his arms folded, sometimes looking upon the crowd, and occasionally glaring at his young and fearless antagonist. The latter immediately stripped, and when he stood out erect and undaunted upon the stage, although his proportions were perfect, and his frame active and massy, yet when measured with the Herculean size of the Dead Boxer, he appeared to have no chance.

'Now,' said he to the black, 'by what rules are we to fight?'

'If you consult *me*,' said the other, 'perhaps it is best that every man should fight as he pleases: You decide that. I am the challenger.'

'Take your own way, then,' said O'Rorke, 'but you have a secret, black; do you intend to use it?'

'Certainly, young fellow.'

'I have *my* secret, too,' said Lamh Laudher, 'an' now I give you warnin' that I will put it in practice.'

'All fair—but we are losing time,' replied the man of color, putting himself in an attitude, 'come on.'

Their seconds stood back, and both advanced to the middle of the stage. The countenance of the black, and his huge chest, resembled rather a colossal statute of bronze, than the bust of a human being. His eye gleamed at O'Rorke with baleful flashes of intense hatred. The spectators saw however, that the dimensions of Lamh Laudher gained considerably by his approximate to the black. The dusky colour of the Boxer added appreatly to his size, whilst the healthful light which lay upon the figure of his opponent took away, as it did his elegance, grace and symmetry, from the uncommon breadth and fulness of his bust.

Several feints were made by the black, and many blows aimed, which Lamh Laudher, by his natural science and activity, parried: at length a blow upon the temple shot him to the boards with great violence, and the hearts of the spectators, which were all with him, became fearfully depressed.

Meehaul flew to his assistance, and O'Rorke having been raised, shook his head, as if to throw off the influence of the blow. O'Rorke afterwards declared that when to the second round, resentment and a sense of having suffered in the opinion of the multitude by the blow which brought him down, had strung his muscular power in such a state of concentration, that his arms became as hard as oak. On meeting again, he bounded at the boxer, and by a single blow upon the eye-brow felled him like an ox. So quickly was it sent home, that the black had not activity to guard against it; on seeing which a short and exulting cheer rose from the multitude. We are not now giving a detailed account of this battle, as if reporting for a newspaper; it must suffice to say, that Lamh Laudher was knocked down twice, and the Dead Boxer four times, in as many rounds. The black, on coming to the

[SEE FOURTH PAGE.]

POLITICAL.

From the Globe.

National Omens.

If we were a century old we should delight in recounting the various marvellous incidents that have marked the accession of the Webster dynasty to the purple of the Republic; or if we had the pen of the good old Cotton Mather, of Magnalia memory, we should spend our busy hours in proclaiming the rich displays of a wonder working Providence, to the people of America, in two volumes octavo.

From the day that the inflated ball, consecrated in the Baltimore convention, and trundled before the Philadelphia delegation, collapsed in front of Independence Hall, to the catastrophe that occured to Mr. Webster's corduroys at Patchogue, nothing particular occurred to make us believe that the gods watched over Troy. But when the pipelayers had performed their perfect work, a series of omens, as marvellous as any that ever marked a mysterious age, passed in rapid succession, and filled the nation with wonder.

The General on his mornig ride after his election, suddenly found the earth sinking beneath him, and only saved his life by leaping (according to Whig journals) eighteen feet from his mettled charger. Shortly afterwards the great chandelier in the hall of the House of Representatives came thundering down, and filled the forum with oil and sparkling atoms. The American flag next floated away from its halliards on the top of the Capitol, towards the Congressional burying ground. Then Liberty lost her right arm in front of the Capitol—the stirrup fell from the old saddle in the front of the log cabin, and the eagle over the chair of the Senate, dropped its scroll, with the inscription "from many one."—So much for the premonitory symptoms.

The General left Cincinnati during the shock of an earthquake. A child that bore his name died as he passed through Chambersburgh. The banks suspended as he entered Baltimore, and a terrible snow storm ushered him into Washington. His portrait, by Franquinet, which had been hastily placed beside the other Presidents, fell from its nail in the Library of Congress, and its rich and heavy gilding was dashed in pieces by the fall. The line that held the flags upon which were traced the names of the Harrison States, slackened from Clagett's chimney, and left its shallow tailed burden to be drabbed in the mud and snow.

The day of Inauguration dawned in gloom.—The vast company looked blue and cheerless;—and when the ceremony was over, a few threw up their caps and faintly cried, "God save King Richard." The levee was a rush of cormorants; three pickpockets were grabbed in the East room in the very act and bundled off to jail. The day of reception, succeeding the Inauguration, was marked by a bitter storm. The Cabinet quarrelled early abont *proscription*, and the General left it in indignation. The steamer *President* started for England with the news of the inauguration, and has not been heard of since. A severe illness now seized the unfortunate old man. He sank to his unquiet slumbers with office seekers thundering at the door of his chamber, and with his latch-string pulled in.

On Saturday morning, 18 hours before his death, his tongue, that had been crisped, became moist and pliant, and the physician that had been called in the day previous, informed him that he was better "You must cure me soon, Doctor," said the old man with a smile, "or we shall all break up in a row." An hour and a change came over the spirit of his dream—memory wandered in the hour of death, and he closed his eyes, dim with tears, faintly murmuring as he clutched, with his bony fingers, the blanket. At this time he was heard to say, "Madam, rest assured your husband shall not be removed. I cannot—I will not do it." Think you that the oath taken by him at Dayton, in the presence of the assembled thousands, "So help me God, I will not proscribe men for opinion's sake," rung not in his leaden ear? Think you that the shriek of the proscribed office holder's wife and the young mother's teeth, as she passed into a fit, rung not in his solitary chamber? Politician, draw near the mighty's death bed, and learn a lesson of humility: cormorant, approach your victim and see the agony caused by your unhallowed influence. The hollow-hearted Cabinet gathered about his pillow. Webster the dark browed and sunken-eyed — Granger the cold-hearted and remorseless—Crittenden the self-satisfied and complacent—Bell the newly converted, and therefore magnanimous—and Ewing the crafty and cruel, were there. The doctor bent his ear to the patient—he was dead. A fair hand drew the sheet over the old man's head, and a band of strong men, without a tear upon the cheek, withdrew and left the inanimate clay alone He was buried in all the pomp of earthly glory—the minute gun spoke in sorrow to the minute gun—the muffled drum beat low—and the bell on the Avenue nearest the President's House, tolled his knell and broke.

Scarcely was the old man in his narrow chamber before his house at North Bend was wrapped in flames—his furniture lay piled upon the mid-night hill side, and his sick widow looked on and wept. His Prime Minister now followed his venerable father-in-law to the grave, but not until the chimneys of the Le Roy mansion had been blown down by the wind, and the corpse had been disturbed by the rubbish. In a few weeks the United States Bank failed—then the Editor of the Boston Atlas, the mouth-piece of the god-like Daniel, who nominated Harrison against the wishes of his fellows, died with an appointment in his hand. "I shall now see the eternal city," said he as he laid his head upon his pillow The angel of death stretched forth his wing and fanned the sleeping mortal. He woke, but the seven hilled city rose not too meet his vision—the waters of the Adriatic rushed not beneath his prow—dim twilight hung around a black ocean, and he, in his white robe, swam on the surface alone. His eye shall never rest on St. Peter's at Rome, but may he not behold St. Peter himself in the city of God, with the keys of eternal life in his hand? Reader, shut up the book of the past—reflect upon the evils of the times—spurn all star chamber courts and aristocratic premiers—base your faith upon principle—act for your county and your country alone—and neither try to make a saint of the dead President, nor a fool of the live one. The time when the doctrine of expediency was popular, is gone. Rag money can no longer starve a starving people, or the "*odor of nationality*" cover the enormities of Nicholas Biddle and his marble palace bankers. FAST—PRAY for your sins without ceasing, if you are wise, and *worship* no one but God. Idolatry is forbidden by commandment; but "holyness exalteth a nation."

From the Eastern Argus.

Jefferson on Proscription.

The Federalists are slanderously invoking the mantle of Jefferson to cover up their broken promises on the subject of proscription, as if they ever had a political aspiration at all in unison with the liberal feelings of that great and good man, who has been well styled the "Apostle of American Democracy!" Tuesday's Gazette contains nearly half a column from its published correspondence, which, it says, "is a perfect justification" of what we call the Federal system of Guillotining.

The Gazette and its party have for year shouted in perfect horror against the Democrats, for their alleged crime of political proscription, and last fall, actually quoted Jefferson to show that such proscription was all wrong—but now that they have themselves come into power, and are practising with a high hand the very system of which they falsely accused their opponents, why, forsooth, they justify their conduct, and say that Mr. Jefferson's authority approves it! Mr. Jefferson's authority! Why, that illustrious man never *dreamed* of so merciless and savage a work, as that now carried on by the ruling powers, under the hypocritical pretence of *purifying the Government*—and the very passage which the Gazette quotes from his writings proves our assertion. What is the language of that extract? "The remonstrance," it says, "laments that a change in the administration must produce a change in the subordinate officers; in other words, that it should be deemed neccessary for all officers to think with their principal. But on whom does this imputation bear? On those who have excluded from office every shade of opinion which was not theirs? Or on those who have beed so excluded? I lament sincerely that unessential differences of opinion should ever have been deemed sufficient to interdict half the society from the rights and the blessings of self-government, to proscribe them as unworthy of every trust. It would have been to me a circumstance of great relief had I found a moderate participation of office in the hands of the majority. I would gladly have left to time and accident to raise them to their just share. But their total exclusion calls for prompter corrections." Thus, Mr. Jefferson justified the few removals that he made, on the express ground that the Democracy had been *totally excluded* from office under the previous administration—but certainly, no man can pretend that the Federalists of 1841, can urge any similar justification for their proscription now. On the contrary, as we published yesterday, they had a *majority* of the officers in Washington, last March, and, according to the National Intelligencer, the proscription of the Democratic Administration was about the same every where as in Washington.

The Federalists *slander* Mr. Jefferson's memory when they pretend that he was *proscriptive* in his policy, or would justify their proscription if he was now alive. Why, how did he exercise his power in this matter, when he was President? Did *he* erect a guillotine in every city, town or hamlet in the Union, and keep it constantly streaming with Federal blood? Did *he* issue retro-acting edicts, and invite spies and informers to testify against their fellow citizens in office, so that they might be removed? Did *he* compute the length of time necessary to behead a Federal officer, and encourage his followers by assuring them, that each of them should soon step into some dead man's shoes? Nothing, nothing like it! During the first fifteen months of his Presidency, although almost every important place was in the hands of Federalists, he removed but fifty-four persons from office, and of these, twenty-one were of John Adams' midnight appointments! Let the Gazette compare this moderation, with the vulture ferocity of the Proscription now going on, and then blush crimson, if it has honest blood enough to do so, at the disgraceful conduct of its own friends!

Mr. Jefferson's language on this subject, was in strict accordance with his moderation in practice. In a letter to Wm. Short, dated Oct. 3d, 1801, he says—"All offices were in the hands of the Federalists. The injustice of having totally excluded Republicans, was acknowledged by every man. To have removed one half, and to have placed Republicans in their stead, would have been rigorously just, when it was known that these composed a very great majority of the Nation Yet such was their moderation in most of the States, that they did not desire it. In these therefore, no removals took place but malversation." In a letter to Levi Lincoln, dated Oct. 25, 1802, he says—"I still think our original idea as to office is best: that is, to depend for the obtaining a just participation, on deaths, resignations and delinquents. This will least effect the tranquility of the people, and prevent their giving in to the suggeston of our enemies, that ours has been a contest for office, not for principle. This is rather a slow operation, but it is sure, if we pursue it steadily, which, however, has not been done with the undeviating resolution I could have wished." In a letter, again, to Mrs. John Adams, dated Sept. 11, 1804, he says—"In making these appointments, I put in a proportion of Federalists, equal, I believe, to the proportion they bear in numbers through the Union generally. Had I known that your son had acted, it would have been a real pleasure to me to have preferred him to some who were named in Boston, in what was deemed the same line of politics."

Such were the practice and the language of Thomas Jefferson, in relation to removals from office. His extremest rule on the subject was only that the Republicans might have a just participation in the places of Government, and even that, in the benevolence of his nature, he shrank from carrying out And yet the Federalists cite his example and his letters to justify their own indiscriminate sweep of Democratic officers, made in violation of the most solemn pledges that ever deluded a Free People! Out upon such monstrous wickedness!

From the Eastern Argus.

Federal Proscription.

The Gazette of yesterday, published the following extract from the Madisonian, in which the most thorough proscription is plainly and unblushingly avowed:—

"'THE WORLD WAS NOT MADE IN A DAY.'—It appears to us that many people are too impatient and unreasonable in their expectations and demands of immediate action by the President and heads of Department, upon the matter of removals and appointments Let us consider the matter for a moment Take the case of the Post Master General:

"There are some thirteen thousand Postmasters in the United States. No man will contend that less than *half an hour* should be devoted to the consideration of the case of each whose removal is proposed.

"Now suppose that the Postmaster General neglect all his other and important duties, and devotes *ten hours* each day to the consideration of removals and appointments

"According to our 'epphering,' the matter will stand thus: Thirteen thousand cases; each requiring half an hour, make 650 days.

"The number of appointments to be considered by the other Departments are also very great, and they are often of immense consequence, and of no little difficulty."

Thus, in order to satisfy the hungry swarm of Federal office-seekers, they are told semi-officially from Washington, that the work of *guillotining* will go on as rapidly as time will permit, and that to facilitate the business as much as possible, only *half an hour* is to be devoted to the beheading of any Democrat! This is very encouraging, truly, and very decent, too, in a party whose great aim, at the late contest, was to put down the spoils system—but the calculation we feel bound to say, holds out greater chances of office for the greedy Whiglets, than really exist. There are some *thirteen thousand* Post Masters, perhaps, in the United States, but about half of these happen to be Federalists and consequently will not be removed, for the 'public interest' never requires the removal, now-a-days of any man but a Democrat. So, that the Post Master General has not so much to do after all, as he pretends, and working on the *ten hour system*, and devoting half an hour to each Democratic Post Master, he might 'sweep the board' in less than a year.

To '*sweep the board*' is evidently the Federal plan. They had a fair participation in the offices of the country, under Jackson and Van Buren, but not satisfied with this, they are proceeding to take the whole, and devide them among their plunder-seeking followers. Let them go on and and enjoy to the full, this day of their ill-got power, for the day of their punishment is not far off, and most righteous will be the retribution that they shall then receive.

In contrast with the picture above given from the Madisonian, let our readers contemplate, now, for a moment, the

TOLERANCE OF DEMOCRACY.

The Washington Globe publishes a list, showing the number of each party in the Executive Offices at Washington City, in 1829, 1832 and 1841. This is published, in reply to the National Intelligencer, which said that the 'Proscription' OF THE DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATIONS WAS ABOUT THE SAME EVERY WHERE AS IN WASHINGTON, and claimed that all over the country, the Democracy had monopolized the offices.

From this list, it appears that while in 1829, there were but fifty-six Democrats employed in the public offices in Washington, yet on the 4th of March, 1841, there WERE EMPLOYED IN THE SEVERAL DEPARTMENTS AT WASHINGTON, TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY DEMOCRATIC OFFICERS, WHOSE AGGREGATE SALARIES AMOUNTED TO TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN DOLLARS; AND TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-ONE WHIG OFFICERS, WITH SALARIES AMOUNTING TO THREE HUNDRED & THIRTY SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHT DOLLARS.

"And thus," says the Globe, "it is shown that notwithstandig the outcry against the removals made by Gederal Jackson and the monoppoly of appointments by his friends, the whole process complained of did not, during the twelve years, bring the parties to an equipoise in public employments. What will the nation think of the *new comers*, who, although exclaiming against the spoils, principle while candidates before the people, so far from being content with more than half, are hurrying on to take the whole?"

STATE CONVENTION.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers, the call for a Democratic State Convention to be holden at Augusta on the 23d of June next, to nominate a candidate for Governor, to be supported at the next election.

Perhaps it is hardly necessary to say a word to our democratic friends, in regard to the importance and utility of every town in the state, being represented in this Convention. From what has reached us from various sections, we believe we may safely anticipate that such will be the case. The righteous feeling of indignation at the outrageous conduct of the dominant party in the State, so generally prevalent, is stirring up the people to the vital necessity of a CHANGE OF RULERS, if the Constitution is to be preserved inviolate, or their rights and interests saved from absolute annihilation or subversion, by a party intent upon keeping itself in power, irrespective of right, justice, or Constitutional obligation. The iron of federal misrule has pierced the yeomanry of Maine to the quick, and they are restless for the period when they will be enabled to hurl back the poisoned arrow that has wounded them, into the very vitals of their oppressors. *One year* of federal reign, will suffice for the people of Maine.—And we believe they are desirous to throw off the yoke which bears down upon them so severely. To this end, they will rally, in Convention, to consult together upon the best means to accomplish their design. As, in 1838, so it will be now—such a meeting will give an impetus to the democratic cause, which will result, as it did then, in a complete revolution in the state administration. Keeping this object steadily in view, let their be a cordial response to the call for a Convenlion, from every town in the State and the object will be attained, the spoilers driven from the possession of power they have so grossly abused, the Constitution saved from the despoiling touch of federal aggressors and the republican flag wave once more in triumph over a regenerated State!—*Maine Democrat.*

From the Baltimore Argus.

Look upon this Picture!!

Extract from the speech of HENRY CLAY, made at Hanover, July 10, 1819.

"The *necessity* of a change of rulers has deeply penetrated the hearts of the people; and we every where behold cheering manifestations of that happy event—The fact of his election *(Wm H. Harrison)* alone, *without reference* to the *measures* of his administration, will *powerfully* contribute to the *security and happiness of the people*. It will bring assurance of the cessation of that long *series* of disastrous experiments, which have so greatly afflicted the people. CONFIDENCE will IMMEDIATELY REVIVE, *credit will be restored, active business will return, PRICES of products will RISE; and the people will feel and know that instead of their servants being occupied in devising measures for their ruin and destruction, they will be assiduously employed in promoting their welfare and prosperity.*"

Pretty strong promises, though strongly characteristic of the Federal party. We have placed some of its strong points in *italics* and CAPITALS, in order that the strength of the expressions may be strongly seen: and that they may exhibit a striking contrast with the times, their conduct and performance since the election.—We intend to keep this extract at the head of our columns; we intend to hold up to the world the professions of the Federal leaders before the election, and we intend to call their attention to the fact, that every promise and profession has been discredited, and falsified. We want the people to see how they stood before the elections, and how they stand now. We want to ask what confidence is to be placed in a man of such short political foresight as Henry Clay? We want to show that with him "language is used to conceal and prevaricate." We want every one in short, to examine for himself; to attentively, calmly, deliberately and impartially examine for himself. Read the extract. Hand it to your neighbors. Hand it to your friends who were deluded to support the Federalists by such promises. Contrast to them the real effect and results of the accession of the Federal party to the ruling of the nation, with the predicted, assured, guaranteed and solemnly pledged results as consequent, which were made by the Federal leaders. Keep it constantly before the people. Let them see who it is they have listened to.

ACCOMMODATING THE PUBLIC —— Other *public* characters beside Daniel Webster it appears, received accommodations at the U. S. Bank. The kept mistress of one of the Bank's officers stands charged on the books, with a loan of $20,000! She was one of the 'widows,' probably, who were said to be so much interested in the existence of the Bank, and for whom such share of sympathy was attempted to be raised, at the time Gen. Jackson vetoed the bill rechartering it. To such purposes has the Bank been *prostituted*.

By the way, we notice in the papers, the appointment of *John E. Hunt*, formerly a 'help' in Mr. Webster's family, at Boston, and afterwards keeper of the Albion Hotel, in that city, where Mr. Webster boarded, has been appointed an inspector in the N. York Custom House. The Boston Post significantly puts its thumb on its nose, and looks at this appointment over its shoulder. The Bay State Democrat inquires if Mr. Hunt's 'family' will go to Washington and reside with the Premier? There seems to be a deal of quiet fun going on in regard to this appointment. We Guess Mrs Hunt knows wherefore. Oh, Dan is the boy for bewitching 'em—the gay deceiver!—*Maine Democrat.*

TOLERANCE BY THE DEMOCRATS.—The Globe has published a list of clerks, &c. in the several departments at Washington, in 1829, 1831 and 1841. On the fourth of March, 1829, there were 246 Federalists and only 56 Democrats in office at Washington. Of the 246 Federalists only 41 were removed during the two years from 1829 to 1831; 11 resigned, 13 were transferred, 6 promoted, 2 discontinued, 14 died, and 2 held temporary situations. In 1831 the Democrats held 126, and the Federalists held 191 of the offices at Washington. On the 4th of March, 1841, when Van Buren retired from office he left in the several Departments 281 Federal office holders, whose salaries amounted to $336,508, and 220 Democratic officers, whose salaries amounted to $277,115.—*Maine Democrat.*

Col. Lyman, entered upon his political reward, in the Portland Post Office, the 15th inst

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 25, 1841.

Democratic State Convention.

In compliance with the direction of the Convention of the Democratic members of the Legislature, held in Augusta on the 24th of March last, a State Convention of Democratic Delegates will be held at the STATE HOUSE, in Augusta, on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTY THIRD DAY OF JUNE NEXT, AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M., to nominate a candidate to be supported for Governor, at the next ensuing election.

Each classed town and each plantation is requested to send one Delegate to said Convention; and all other towns and the cities of Portland and Bangor, two Delegates for every Representative to which they are entitled in the Legislature, by the late Apportionment.

All democratic editors in the State are requested to publish this notice, until the time of holding the Convention.

By order of the Committee of the Democratic Members of the Legislature.

APPOINTMENTS TO OFFICE.

Such a hurrah as has been kicked up in the Federal ranks in many parts of the Union, and especially in some of the large cities, by the appointments of the present administration, has never been known under any previous administration. Hard words, wry faces, denouncing the cliques that control the appointments, abjuring the faith, is the order of the day. The people are dissatisfied, the honest portion of the Federal party are more dissatisfied, and the army of disappointed applicants for office are in a perfect stew—ready to nullify all allegiance to the "powers that be," and it only requires a bold spirit, such as a Calhoun, or a McDuffie, to finish the work of nullification and set the whole Federal party by the ears.

Surprise, and even indignation, is manifested on all hands, at the appointments that have been made, and the outrageous and disreputable manner in which they were obtained. Something better and more in accordance with their professions previous to the elections last fall, was looked for, from those who had promised so much in the way of reform. But Federal reform is like Bank notes,—promises. As well might we look for a gold mine in the moon, as for their fulfilment.

Previous to the election, the Federalists professed to advocate the principles of Jefferson and Madison, who made character and capability the tests for office, and when men were chosen for their moral worth rather than their political services. And they undoubtedly secured thousands of votes by such professions; but how have they fulfilled these professions? By appointing the most noisy, reckless, and notorious characters in their party to office, contrary, in many instances, to the known and expressed wishes of a majority of their own party. Such a rule of action did not accord with the views of the hungry swarm of office-seekers. A clean sweep must be made to make room for them, and men of character and probity were removed to reward such for their political services.—Character, consistency as credentials, weigh not a feather with the appointing powers. The only sure recommendation is, to have been a violent and an abusive opponent of the last administration, and a sycophantic worshipper of the "powers that be."

THE RELIGIOUS ADMINISTRATION.

We learn from our exchanges that a Universalist has been dismissed from office in Philadelphia, because he does not believe in future rewards and punishments. "*Immorality of any kind will be considered sufficient cause for removal,*" say the Church and State party at Washington. Did the "God-like" think of that when he appointed John E. Hunt Inspector at New York, the pipe layers and Jail birds to office in Philadelphia, or the hard cider topers and promulgators of fraud and political deception all over the Union? Do they think of this "immorality" when they defend the character of that Harlot, the U. S. Bank, which has beggared thousands by her unhallowed and wicked intermeddling in elections, by buying up voters like cattle in the market, with the money of the widow and the fatherless, and on whose book stands a charge of $20,000 paid to a ——— of one of the officers of the bank?

Has the Government indeed got into the hands of bigots? Has the keys of this political fabric got into the hands of the Church? Are all the movements of this once free and happy people to be regulated by laws and precepts, if not of the same name, yet equally as obnoxious, as the ancient blue laws of Connecticut? We hope not, most certainly; yet the above looks ominous!

We hold to freedom of thought and opinion on all matters appertaining to religion, politics or morals;—and if a man is to be proscribed from office because of his religious tenets, we cannot but say we think the proscriber a bigot and a despot, to entrust power in such hands would be dangerous, if not fatal, to the liberties of the country.

Arrest of the Hon. Forger. Charles F. Mitchell, a Whig member of Congress from New York State during the last Congress, who committed large forgeries in New York, and fled to Canada, has been arrested and brought to New York for trial. He was arrested near Montreal, and brought to New York by the requisition of the Gov of that State, and is now in Jail awaiting his trial. This Mitchell is said to be a consummate scoundral, and was known to be so when nominated by the Federalists. He had committed forgeries upon the leaders of his party in his own county, and they were in doubt whether to send him to State Prison or to Congress. Interest predominated and justice was outraged. If to Congress, there was a probability they would get their money back; if to prison, they would not. And so to Congress they sent him. Since which time he has perpetrated large forgeries, for which he was under the necessity of leaving the States and taking refuge in Canada.

This is the same Mitchell who made so violent an attack upon the Post Office Department in the House of Representatives. Who called Amos Kendall every thing but an honest man, and denounced the whole Department as a mass of corruption.

CURRENCY REGULATOR.

Some of the Federalists who stand charged on the books of the U. S. Bank with sums varying from $25,000 to $100,000, have been sued by the Committee of the Stockholders, and have filed in affidavits affirming that ☞they have paid the Bank in political services!

Don't the Feds want another "Regulator of the Currency?" They will miss the electioneering funds sorely, furnished by this boasted "Regulator," at the expense of thousands of hard working widows and orphans, who have been left destitute thereby.

The colored citizens of Boston made arrangements to attend in a body the late funeral ceremonies in honor of Gen. Harrison; but when they applied to the Federal Marshal for a place in the procession, he peremptorily forbade them to appear at all. It was in vain that they represented their rights as men and citizens, and in vain that they plead their unanimous vote for Harrison, and the respect with which they were *then* treated by the party. They were proscribed as men without the pale of "good society." They *had served the purposes for which they were wanted by the Boston Aristocracy*:—voted for "Old Tip and Tyler too," and now at the funeral ceremonies of the former they are not permitted to take a part.

The Extra Session of Congress meets on the 31st inst. For each day of its continuance the people will be taxed in the sum of *five thousand dollars!* What great public necessity demands the imposition of this enormous burden upon the country? Why the expense of half a million, at least, incurred at this time, and in the present condition of the finances of the nation?

Will the Feds answer? The people would like to know why they are to be thus burdened and taxed, and for what.

Query.—A correspondent of the Eastern Argus significantly inquires, "If *Proscription* was Locofoism under the last administration, I should like to know what Proscription is *now?*"

We should think it pretty near akin to Whigism.

SUICIDE. We learn that Mr. Nathan Atwood, of Buckfield, committed suicide by hanging himself on Sunday last. He was found suspended in his Stable on the evening of that day, and supposed to have been dead about five hours. No cause has been assigned for his committing the rash act. He was about fifty years of age.

MR. EDITOR,—In view of the changes which often take place in Governments and the unjustifiable means used to affect them, Burke one said, "A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to their posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. * * * * It cannot at this time be too often repeated, line upon line, precept upon precept, until it comes into the currency of a proverb, *to innovate is not to reform.*"

Such, a long time ago, was the language of Burke, —a sensible and a practical man. The lesson it teaches is now and ought heretofore to have been, the [illegible] did we hear a certain class of what is now proved to be, quack politicians, rending the air with cries of Change! Change! with a promise of Reform. The change has come; but where is the reform? Every man whether he cried change before election or not, now looks around and asks, where is the reform?—where? where? Echo answers where! How necessary that we should repeat and practice on the illustrious Burke: "It cannot at this time be too often repeated, line upon line, precept upon precept, until it comes into the currency of a proverb, "*To innovate is not to Reform.*"

H.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

NORTH CAROLINA.—James McKay, Dem. is re-elected from the 5th; Edward Stanley from the 3d; and R. M. Saunders, Dem. succeeds Montgomery, Dem. in the 8th district.

TENNESSEE.—In the first district of this State, Thomas D. Arnold, Fed. is elected without opposition. In the 2d district, Abraham McClellan, Dem. is re-elected. In the 3d district, Joseph L. Williams, Fed. is re-elected, without opposition. In the 7th district, (lately represented by Mr. Bell) Robert L. Caruthers, Fed. is chosen.

MARYLAND.—The Baltimore American has the following returns from that city:—

Federal.		*Democratic.*	
Kennedy	6413	Gallagher	6464
Randall	6443	Murry	6466

Murry's maj. over Randall, 23
Gallagher's over Kennedy, 51

The district is composed of the cities of Baltimore and Annapolis and Anne Arundel Co and we are fearful that the Federal candidates are elected, but it is not certain There has been a falling off in Baltimore, seventeen hundred votes since November!

In the 2d and 7th Districts, James A. Pearce and Augustus R. Sollers are elected without opposition—both Federalists.

In the 3d, James M. Williams (Dem.) is chosen over J. C. Orrich (Irregular.)

In the 6th, Martin, Dem. is probably elected.

In the 1st and 5th, Democrats run no candidates.

INDIANA.—The election for Congressmen in Indiana, has resulted in the choice of 6 Federalists and 1 Democrat. In the last Congress, the Democrats had *four* members and the Federalists, *three.*—*Eastern Argus.*

BANKING.—The Charleston Mercury, in the course of an article on the subject of a National Bank, thus illustrates the reasoning to which the defenders of such an institution resort:—

"In an Eastern region a flight of locusts settled upon an abundant harvest, ate it up, and departed. While the locusts were devouring, there was something for the people, but when the locusts had finished there was nothing left—Whereupon Scholasticos exclaimed, 'Let us pray for the return of the locusts. While they came there was plenty—while they were here we could subsist; but in their absence we starve.' This is the argument of the Bank men. The country got along after a fashion in spite of the spoilation of a National Bank. After it had drawn off all the vital fluid to inflate its balloons—and left trade and prosperity dead as a mouse in an exhausted receiver—and then burst itself—distress ensued of course—and they said all this is for want of a Bank. Brink back the locusts or there will be no corn."

A DILEMMA.—The Pennsylvanian thus alludes to a difficulty experienced by the new administration:

"The party that abhors the principle that to the victors belong the spoils, is puzzled to find a pretext on which to call home our ministers to foreign countries and fill their places with whigs. The removals of men at home are made, on the pretext that they have interfered in elections;—but as the men who were abroad on embassies could not do this they cannot be removed, consistently with the professions made both by Harrison and Tyler, at least until some excuse is invented."

FLORIDA.—The Savanah Republican learns, by the arrival of the U. S. Steamboat from Pilatka, that L. Levy, Esq. (Dem.) is probably elected Delegate to Congress.

COAST SQUADRON.—The Secretary of the Navy, with a view to the effective defence of our large and exposed sea-borad, is about to commission shortly a large and efficient naval force. A portion of the squadron will be stationed off the southern harbors, commencing at Charleston, S. C. Another off Norfolk and that immediate vicinity. Another of New York. Another off Boston, and the last in the neighborhood of George's shoals and the Fishing Banks.

In addition to this the West India squadron is to be largely increased. When all these additions to our present effective force shall be completed, we may begin to think ourselves in a tolerable posture for any emergency.

As the work will doubtless be commenced as soon as practicable, we may expect busy times at our various yards and naval depots.—*Boston Transcript.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

We perceive nothing of much importance, if we except the failure of news of the Steam Ship President—which has almost entirely suppressed the hope of her safety. It is now generally thought that she must have foundered in the heavy gale soon after she left New York, or been crushed by the ice. If she had put into any port in distress, in all probability we should have heard of her ere this. Still it is not *impossible* that some of the crew and passengers may have escaped in the boats, and been picked up by some vessel, and carried to a distant port; but the grounds for hope are slender indeed.

The Parliament was in session, and for some days previous to the leaving of the Caledonia, the House had been engaged in a warm discussion upon the Irish Registration Bill of the Ministers. In a vote on an amendment introduced by Lord Howwick, the Ministers were left in a minority of twenty-one. And they were again defeated on the question of passing the second clause, embodying the principles of the bill, and left in a minority of eleven!

The English Journals are full of speculations upon the subject of the defeat of the Ministers. Some express the opinion that they would resign, others that they would hold on.

A prodigious excitement was produced by a notice from Lord John Russell, that about Whitsuntide he should move a committee for the revision of the Corn Laws.

The Report of the United States Bank Committee appears to have created an intense interest in London, and the impression produced as to the affair of the Bank, were, of course, of the most unfavorable kind.

It is rumored that Prince Albert does not enjoy good health, and that it has become a debateable question if it would not be politic for his Royal Highness, to return for a short time to his native city, in Germany.

A fire broke out in Bristol, on the 28th ult., in the timber yard, which raged with great fury.—At one time an extent of two acres, filled with timber and other cumbustibles, was on fire, and all attempts to stay its progress were useless, until the plan was adopted of cutting it off from the remaining timber in the yard. The property destroyed amounted to 10 or £15,000.

The Right Rev. Robert James Carr, D. D. Bishop of Worcester, expired, April 24th, at Hartlebury, Worcester.

The property destroyed by the late earthquake at Zante, is estimated at £300,000. The English government have appropriated £4000 for the relief of the sufferers, to which sum the Queen has added £100 out of her private funds.

A dreadful explosion took place lately at Willington Colliery, situated between Newcastles and North Shields, at the moment when thirty four men and boys were in the pit, of whom three only escaped destruction.

The *United Service Gazette* states that arrangements are now in progress for raising and organizing an additional number of veteran companies, for exclusive and permanent service in Canada, where they are to be employed upon duty.

The war is still raging between the French and the Arabs in Algiers.

TURKEY AND EGYPT.—The disputes beetwen these countries seem to be in the way of a termination.

We observe nothing new in relation to the China difficulties, or the McLeod affair. Teas had advanced a trifle from last quotations.

The Cotton market was inactive.

A meeting of American citizens resident at Liverpool was holden on the 30th ult. at that place, to notice in a suitable manner the death of the late President

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N. E. BOUNDARY.

We subjoin an article which appeared in the National Intelligencer, (the official organ of the administration), of the 13th of April.

It has, to say the least of it, an "*awful squinting*" towards some compromise of the rights of Maine, by the men now in power.

Mr. Tyler's past action upon the N. E. Boundary question, he having been one of the few Senators who voted to accept the Dutch award without asking the consent of Maine, is certainly not calculated to inspire confidence in his disposition to maintain our rights.—*Age*

From the National Intelligencer.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

We have until now been prevented, by the pressure of other engagements, from taking due notice of the action of the Legislature of Maryland in relation to the resolves of the State of Maine touching her interest in the Boundary Question between the United States and Great Britain.

To supply this omission on our part, we now state that on receiving the Resolutions of the Legislature of the State of Maine appealing to the several State Governments to support the claim of that State upon the Government of the Union "to establish the line which that Government has solemnly declared it to be the true boundary" between the territory of the United States and that of Great Britain, the Senate of the State of Maryland referred these resolutions to a select committee, of which Gen B C. Howard was the Chairman. By this committee a report was made, elaborate and able, accompanied by three maps, reviewing the whole ground of the controversy with a precision as well as acuteness which could hardly be expected of any one who was less familiar with the subject than the distinguished Chairman of the committee, who enjoyed the best opportunity of making himself acquainted with it during his late service in Congress at the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the House of Representatives. The reasoning of the report is entirely favorable to the claim, heretofore asserted by the Executive of the United States, and sustained by the unanimous votes of both Houses of Congress. It is to the subjoined conclusions, however, (and not to the reasoning of the committee,) that we now propose to invite the attention of our readers; conclusions which are entitled to their most serious consideration:—

Extract from the Committee's Report.

"With regard to the course which ought to be pursued in obtaining a settlement of this controversy, the committee do not feel themselves qualified to express an opinion. The Constitution of our country has wisely placed our foreign relations in the exclusive guardianship of the Federal Government, whose dignity in power are commensurate to the duty which it has to perform. It is clear that all reasonable efforts should be exhausted to accomplish a pacific and speedy adjustment of the difficulty; and it is also clear that, if they should unfortunately fail, it will become the duty of the States of the Union to rally around the Federal Government and carry it successfully through the struggle that must then come.

"The following Resolutions are submitted to the consideration of the Senate:

"*Resolved*, That the Legislature of Maryland entertains a perfect conviction of the justice and validity of the title of the United States, and State of Maine, to the full extent of all the Territory in dispute between Great Britain and the United States.

"*Resolved*, That the Legislature of Maryland looks to the Government with an entire reliance upon its disposition to bring the controversy to an amicable and speedy settlement; but if these efforts should fail, the State of Maryland will cheerfully place herself in the support of the Federal Government in what will then become its duty to itself and the State of Maine.

"*Resolved*, That, after expressing the above opinions, the State of Maryland feels that it has a right to request the State of Maine to contribute, by all the means in its power, towards an amicable settlement of the dispute upon honorable terms.

"*Resolved*, That, *if the British Government would acknowledge the title of the State of Maine to the Territory in dispute, and offer a fair equivalent for the passage through it of a military road it would be a reasonable made of adjusting the dispute, and ought to be satisfactory to the State of Maine.*

"*Resolved*, That the Governor be and he is hereby requested to transmit a copy of this Report and these Resolutions to each of the Governors of the several States, and to each of the Senators and Representatives in Congress from the State of Maryland."

These resolutions were unanimously adopted by both branches of the Legislature of the State of Maryland, and must be regarded therefore, as a deliberate expression of the opinion of that State, as well in regard to what is due to the rights of Maine, as to what the other States of the Union have a right to expect from Maine herself. The part of these resolutions which we have italicized includes a proposition which, though not entirely original, has perhaps never been before presented to the public mind under so imposing a sanction.

Another British Outrage.

A Havana correspondent of the New York Express, furnishes the following particulars of a piratical outrage perpetrated upon the brig A. E. Capt. Driscoll, of Baltimore, which sailed from Havana for the coast of Africa, in September last, with a cargo of Tobacco, Dry Goods, and Powder. It may well be asked, how long are such transgressions to be suffered?

"The brig A. E., of Baltimore, Capt. C. F. Driscoll, sailed from this place in the month of September, for Cabinda, with a cargo of dry goods, tobacco and powder. Having met with bad weather at sea, he was obliged to put into Charleston to repair, whence he sailed on his voyage. Nothing material occurred until he arrived off Cabinda, when he was boarded by two boats' crews, (fifteen in number) commanded by an English officer, but without a flag flying or any visible signs of nationality, armed to the teeth with cutlasses, pistols, carbines and daggers, or long knives, who insolently demanded his papers, declaring at the same time that he would take command of the vessel. Capt. D. pointed to the American Flag which he had flying, and averred that he was an American vessel, engaged in a legal trade, and in proof thereof, produced his papers, which the English officer tried to obtain possession of, but not being permitted by Capt. D. he said—'never mind, I will take you for a scoundrelly Yankee negroe stealer, and have you all strung up at the main yard, if you offer the least resistance.' They then shaped the course of the vessel for the river Congo, and commenced breaking out the cargo to get at the rum, and carried on so outrageously, that Capt. D's lady, who was on board, together with her daughter, was taken violently ill, and for some time her life was despaired of—the English crew never for a moment ceasing their outrageous conduct.—They continued at River Congo, twelve days, pillaging the negro canoes that passed, taking from them their beads, looking glasses, paddles and every little thing, leaving the poor negroes no alternative but to swim on shore and abandon their canoes to the tide.

'This conduct they continued for some time, often taking in their boats some of the American crew, until at last the negroes becoming exasperated assembled in force, and attacking the boats killed an American seaman belonging to the A. E. and wounded several English. They then returned precipitately on board and getting the brig under way, set sail for Cabinda. They found H. B. M. brig of war Persian, Lieutenant commanding Symmes with the American flag flying. Lieut. Symmes then came on board with an additional boat's crew, and commenced breaking out the cargo, without asking to look at the brig's papers, or paying any attention to Capt. D's protestations. After ransacking the cargo four days, bursting open bales and boxes, and knocking open the kegs of powder, finding nothing, they took what they pleased, each man selecting what he most fancied, and then tumbling the cargo into the hold took to their boats, leaving the brig at liberty.

'For fifteen days,' says Capt. D. 'I had 17 men on board eating and drinking the best they could find, and for four days more the commander and nearly all of his men pillaging my stores and drinking my liquors, they being on very short allowance on board their own vessel.' The English brig kept the American flag flying all the time, and went off with it flying at her peak.—The English officers declared they would seize every American vessel they came across and break up their trade entirely, and from our late accounts from the States it seems they are determined to put their threat into execution."

From the Eastern Argus.

FIRE AT THOMASTON, MAINE.

We are indebted to the Thomaston Recorder, for an extra, from which we learn that a fire broke out in the State Prison at that place on Sunday morning last, about 3 o'clock.—Two buildings within the prison yard were destroyed. One was occupied as a shoeshop, wood-house, and cook room; and the other for storage of grain, carriages, &c. In the first a considerable quantity of leather in the attic where the fire commenced, was consumed.—In the latter several carriages and about 700 bushels of corn shared the fate of the building. The boots and shoes on hand were mostly saved.

The fire evidently was the work of incendiaries; as the fire commenced in the 2 buildings at the same time, although they were not contiguous. The Recorder says that in the morning after, a paper was discovered in a crevice of the fence surrounding the Prison yard, signed *Thunder Bolt* and *Light Foot*, in different hand writing, avowing a design to fire the prison, and threatening another visit if this attempt should fail. The hand writiting of one was recognised as that of a convict who some three months since had been discharged from the Prison. The places where the fires were set; and some other circumstances, indicated that the perpetrators of the act were familiar with the premises. They must have scaled the prison fences and availed themselves of the darkness of the night to accomplish their purpose. Had there been a fire engine with suction hose standing within the yard, the fire at its first discovery, might have been extinguished, by the officers of the prison, before doing much damage. It is strange the State has never provided one. The loss of property is estimated at $4,000.

COLD WEATHER.—A vast and unusual number of icebergs has this year broken lose and floated out from Hudson's Bay and elsewhere in the arctic regions. They are seen in great numbers by vessels going to and from Europe, and have, no doubt, a chilling influence upon the weather. The winds have blown from that quarter the greater part of this month, and when they change round to the northwest they come over the fields of snow on the highlands between us and Canada, or the vast regions beyond the valley of the St. Lawrence. When they veer around to the southwest they come over the White Hills of New Hampshire and the Green Mountains of Vermont, yet covered with snow, or when we get a breeze from the South it comes damp and chilly from the ocean, so that we have it cold all around.—The warm weather, if we get it at all, will come late, but it may be a productive season nevertheless. Potatoes, wheat and many other things do best in a cold season.

The spring is unusually cold and backward all through the middle and southern States, while in the north of Europe it is said to be much warmer than usual.—*Kennebec Journal.*

RAIN—WET WEATHER.—From almost every part of the country, from Mississippi, where there has been almost a deluge of water, to the St. Lawrence, where the streams have overflown, there appears to have been an unusual quantity of rain this spring, and almost constant wet cold weather. There must be some end to this. We sometimes have wet and cold seasons; but it strikes us that when we have such heavy rains all over the continent they must be followed by dry and we hope warm weather. The quantity of rain which falls in a large extent of country through the year, is, we believe, about the same one year with another. It will be late before the crops are in the ground, but it may be a fruitful season after all. There has been no frost in this State to hurt any thing.—*Kennebec Journal.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, That during the whole of Jackson's and Van Buren's Administrations, there was a majority of Whigs holding offices at Washington. How many *Democrats* will be retained in office during the present Administration? We shall see.

LOSS OF A VESSEL IN THE ICE.—The bark Stareona, Robinson; master, from Liverpool, G. B. bound to Montreal, with a valuable cargo of tea and dry goods, sunk among the icebergs off Cape Ray, N. F. on the 24th April (at midnight) —the captain and crew, (17 in number) took to their boats and succeeded in reaching Cape Ray; from whence they were taken on the 28th by the American brig Franklin, and arrived at Picton; N. S. on 3d May.

A CAPTURE.—Two whales were taken off Westport Point, (Mass.) last week, by four boats and safely towed into Westport harbor. One of them was about 48 and the other about 30 feet in length. They are of the hump-back species; and will produce something like 50 bbls. of oil. —*Eastern Argus.*

A Cincinnati letter writer says:—

"It is the most miserable, cold and dreary weather here at this time, I have ever known, and I am writing by a good fire, with as much enjoyment as if it were January; vegetation is unusually backward, and the farmers have hardly begun to plant their corn."

MIGHT AND MAIN.—Lord Charles Somerset was telling a long story about his walking in the woods in India one day, when he suddenly came on a large shaggy lion. 'Thinking to frighten him,' said Lord Charles, 'I ran at him with all my *might!*' 'Whereupon,' replied a hearer, 'he ran away with all his *mane.*' 'Just so,' said his lordship.

CHANGE.—A lady who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. He remarked:—'There was a time when I almost imagined she had no tongue.' 'Yes,' sighed the husband, 'but it is *very long since!*'

NO MORE TIGHT LACING.—The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, states that tight lacing is 'done for,' in the French capitol, the dressmakers having introduced the fashon of going without corsets.

The Picayune says a Western editor has been three days to think of a word to rhyme with *step*, and the nearest he can come to it is *fried onions.*

An editor out West heads his list of marriages with "*noose* items;" another calls them "feats of the *ring.*"

☞ CHARLES OGLE, author of the famous "*dish-cloth speech;*" died at his residence in Pennsylvania, Monday 10th.

HARD TIMES.—In St. Louis, Mo., about 400 persons have applied for the places filled by the present 15 watchmen.

"BY THE GRACE OF GOD."—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, speaking of christians of all sects and parties, calls President Tyler "the Ruler selected for them by the Providence of God."

The N. Y. Herald says:—"The Whig party in this State is going to the devil as strait as a crow flies."

MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. Alanson Briggs, 2d, to Miss Abigail B. Whitemore.

In Oxford, Mr. Joshua H. Thaxter, of Portland, to Miss Joanna Hays, of Oxford.

In Charlotville, David Neck, to Miss Prucilla Heels; This is going the whole "Neck and Heels."

Buckfield High School & Lyceum.

REV. CYRIL PEARL, *Principal.*

Aided by competent assistants.

THE Summer Term in this Institution will commence on Monday, May 31, and continue eleven weeks. The unexpected patronage of the Spring term has rendered necessary the employment of two assistants (a gentleman and a lady) and an enlargement of the building. Arrangements are already made for the enlargement of the school room with the addition of a spacious class room, the whole to be in readiness for the commencement of the term.

A valuable Library has been purchased, and a reading room is to be added next term.

The success of the spring term is a satisfactory pledge that the advantages to be received here are of a high order.

The same general features will characterise the Institution as heretofore announced.

Especial attention will be given to the female department and to the natural sciencies during the summer term.

Lectures will be given on Geology and Mineralogy, also on Education and the Art of Teaching.

Thorough instruction in the languages and other studies necessary for admission to College may be expected

Tuition for the term in common English branches $3
" " In higher branches and Languages $4

To those who attend a shorter period the tuition *per week* will be from 30 to 40 cents.

Drawing and painting will be an extra charge according to the number of lessons.

Use of Library and Reading Room per term 25 cents.

Contingent expenses per term 25 cents.

Board in good families per week from $1 25 to $1 50

It is very desirable that all who design to attend should be present at the opening of the term. A public address will be delivered on Monday evening.

For admission to the Institution and for board application may be made to either of the Directors or the Principal.

ZADOC LONG, WM. W COMSTOCK
SAM'L F. BROWN, WILLIAM COLE,
Buckfield, April 27, 1841. JAMES JEWETT.

Bethel Academy.

THE Summer Term of Bethel Academy will commence on the second, Wednesday of June next, and continue eleven weeks, under the continued instruction of Mr. Moses Soule.

Tuition $2 50 and $3 00 per term. Board from $1 25 to $1 50 per week.

WM. FRYE, Sec'y.

Bethel, May 20th, 1841. 3w3

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Holms Winslow, of New Gloucester in the county of Cumberland, on the sixth day of March, A. D. 1828, by his deed of Mortgage of that date, duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Oxford County, Book 50, page 195, conveyed to Asa Benson of Canton, in said county of Oxford, a parcel of land situated in said Canton, which is described in said deed of Mortgage, reference thereto being had for a more particular description, which deed of Mortgage was duly assigned to me by the said Benson February 23, 1841, for a valuable consideration by me paid to said Benson, I therefore claim to have possession of said Mortgaged premises for the breach of the condition set forth in said Mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, agreeably to the Statute of the State in such case made and provided

EBENEZER EYES.

April 17th, 1841. 3w1

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

seventh round, laughed, whilst the blood trickled down his face. His frame appeared actually agitated with inward glee, and indeed a more appalling species of mirth was never witnessed.

It was just when he approached O'Rorke, chuckling hideously, his black visage reddened with blood, that a voice from the crowd shouted:—

'He's laughing, the blow's coming, O'Rorke, remember your instructions.'

The Boxer advanced, and began a series of feints, with the intention of giving that murderous blow which he was never known to miss. He even threw out his foot in an attempt to kick Lamh Laudher's leg or knee, when the latter, availing himself of his secret, with all his force and might kicked him severely upon the shin. The savage gave a yell, stooped to rub the part, and at that moment Lamh Laudher struck home on the neck. The Dead Boxer fell, and from his ears, nostrils, and mouth, the clear blood sprung out, streaking in a fearful manner, from his dusky neck and chest. His second ran to raise him, but his huge woolly head fell from side to side, with an appearance of utter lifelessness. In a few minutes, however he rallied, and began to snort violently, throwing his arms and limbs about him with a quivering energy, such as, in strong men who die unwasted by disease, frequently marks the struggle of death. At length he opened his eyes, and after fastening them upon his triumphant opponent with one last glare of hatred, jealousy, and despair, he ground his teeth, clenched his gigantic hands, and stammering out—'Fury of hell! I—I—damnation!' This was his last exclamation, for he suddenly plunged again, extending his shut fist towards Lamh Laudher, as if he would have crushed him even in death, then becoming suddenly relaxed, his head fell upon his shoulder, and after one groan, he expired on the very spot where he had brought together the apparatus of death for another.

When the spectators saw and heard what had occurred, their acclamations rose to the sky; cheer after cheer pealed from the graveyard over a wide circuit of the country. With a wild luxury of triumph they seized O'Rorke, placed him on their shoulders, and bore him in triumph through every street in the town. All kinds of mad but good-humored excesses were committed. The public houses were filled with those who had witnessed the fight, songs were sung, healths drank and blows given. The streets, during the remainder of the day, were paraded by groups of his townsmen belonging to both factions, who, on that occasion, buried their mutual animosity in exultation for his victory.

The worthy burghars of the corporation, who had been both frightened and disgusted at the dark display made by the dead boxer previous to the fight, put his body in the coffin that had been intended for Lamh Laudner, and went in procession with the black flag before them the death bell again tolling, and the musicians playing the dead march, until they deposited his body in the inn.

After Lamh Laudher had been cheered by the people, and borne through every nook in the town, he begged them to permit him to go home. With a fresh volley of shouts and hurras, they proceeded, still bearing him in triumph, towards his father's house, where they left him, after a last and deafening round of cheers. Our readers can easily fancy the pride of his parents and friends on receiving him.

'Father,' said he 'my name's cleared. I hope I have the Lamh Laudher blood in me still. Mother, you never doubted me; but you wor forced to give way.'

'My son, my son,' said the father, embracing him, 'my noble boy! there never was one of your name like you. You're the flower of us all!'

The mother wept with joy, and pressed him repeatedly to her heart; and all his relations were as profuse as they were sincere in their congratulations.

'One thing troubles us,' observed his parents, 'what will become of his wife? John, dear,' said his mother, 'my heart aches for her.'

'God knows, and so does mine,' exclaimed the father; 'there is goodness about her.'

'She is freed from a tyrant and a savage,' replied their son, 'for he was both, and she ought to be thankful that she's rid of him. But you don't know that there was an attempt made on my life this moroin'.'

On hearing this, they all turned mute with astonishment.

'In the name of heaven, how, John?' they inquired with one voice.

'A red-haired man came to my room's,' he continued, 'early this moroin', and said if I wanted to hear something for my good, I would follow him. I did so; an' I observed that he eyed me closely as we went along. We took the way that turns up the Quarry, an' afther gettin' into one of the little fir groves off the road, he made a stab at my neck, as I stooped to tie my shoe that happened to be loose. As God would have it, he only tore the skin above my forehead. I pursued the villain on the spot, but he disappeared among the trees as if the earth had swallowed him. I then went into Darby Kavanagh's, when I got my breakfast; an' as I was afraid that you might by pure force prevent me from meetin' the black, I didn't stir out of it till the proper time came.'

This startling incident occasioned much discussion among his friends, who of course, were ignorant alike of the person who had attempted his assassination and of the motives which could have impelled him to such a crime Several opinions were advanced upon the circumstance, but as it had failed, his triumph over the Dead Boxer, as unexpected as it was complete, soon superceded it, and many a health was given 'to the best man that ever sprung from the blood of the Lamh Laudhers!' for so they termed him, and well had he earned the epithet. At this moment an incident occurred which considerably subdued their enjoyment. Breen, the constable, came to inform them that Nell M'Collum, now weltering in her blood, and on the point of death, desired instantly to see them.

Our readers have been, no doubt, somewhat surprised at the disappearance of Nell. This artful and vindictive woman had, as we have stated, been closely dogged through all her turnings and windings, by the emissaries of Mr. Brookleigh. For this reason she judiciously kept aloof from the particular haunt where she was in the habit of meeting her private friends. The preparations, however, for the approaching fight, and the tumult it excited in the town, afforded her an opportunity of giving her spies the slip. She went, on the evening before the battle, to a small dark cabin in one of the most densely inhabited parts of the town where, secure in their privacy, she found Nanse M'Collum, who had never left the town since the night of the robbery, together with the man called Rody, and another hardened roffian with red hair.

'*Dher ma chuirp*,' said she, without even a word of previous salutation, 'but I'll lay my life that Lamh Laudher bates the black. In that case he'd be higher up wid the town than ever. He knocked him down last night.'

'Well, said Rody, 'an' what if he does?—I would t el rather satisfied at that circumstance. I served the black dog for five years, and a more infernal tyrant never existed, nor a milder or more amiable woman than his wife. Now that you have his money, the sooner the devil gets himself the better.'

'To the black *diououl* wid yourself an' your Englified *gosther*,' returned Nell indignantly; 'his wife! *Dhamno orth*, don't make my blood boil by spakin' a word in *her* favor. If Lamh Laudher comes off best, all I've *struv* for is knocked on the head. *Dher Chiernah*, I'll crush the sowl of his father or I'll not die happy.'

'Nell, you're litterer than soot, and blacker too,' observed Rody.

'Am I?' said Nell, 'an' is it from the good rathor that was ready, the other night, to murther the mild innocent woman that he spakes so well of, that we hear such discourse?'

'You're mistaken there, Nelly,' replied Rody; 'I had no intention of taking away her life, although I believe my worthy comrade here in the red hair, that I helped out of a certain jail once upon a time, had no scruples.'

'No, curse the scruple!' said the other.

'I was in the act of covering her eyes and mouth to prevent her from either knowing the old servant or making a noise, but d—n I was bent to save her life that night, rather than take it,' said Rody.

'I know this friend of yours, Rody, but a short time,' observed Nell, 'but it he hasn't more spunk in him than yourself he's not worth his feein'.'

'Show me,' said the miscreant, what's to be done, life or purse—an' here's your sort for both.'

'Come then,' said Nell, 'by the night above us, we'd thry your mettle.'

'Never heed her,' observed Nanse; 'aunt, you're too wicked an' revengeful.'

'Am I?' said the aunt. 'I took an oath many a year ago, that I'd never die till I'd put a sharp arrow into Lamh Laudher's sowl. I punished him through his daughter, I'll now grind the heart of his son.'

'An' what do you want to be don?' inquired the red man.

'Come here, an' I'll tell you that,' said Nell.

A short conversation took place between them, behind a little partition which divided the kitchen from two small sleeping rooms, containing a single bed each.

'Now,' said Nell addressing the whole party, let us all be ready to-morrow, while the whole town's preparin' for the fight, to slip away as well disguised as we can, out of the place; by that time you'll have your business done, an' your trifle o' money earned;' she directed the last words to the red-haired stranger.

'You keep me out of the secret,' observed Rody.

'It's not worth knowin',' said Nell; 'I was only thryin' you, Rody. It's nothin' bad.—I'm not so cruel as you think. I wouldn't take the wide world an' shed blood wid my own hands. I tried it once on Lamh Laudher More, an' when I thought I killed him he'll come to me. No; that I may go below if I would.'

'But you would get others to do it, if you could,' said Rody.

'I need get nobody to do it for me,' said the crone. 'I could wither any man, woman, or child, off o' the earth, wid one charm, if I wished.'

'Why don't you wither young Lamh Laudher then?' said Rody.

'*If* they fight to-morrow,' replied Nell; 'mind I say *if* they do—an' I now tell you they won't—but I say *if* they do—you'll see he'll go home in the coffin that's made for him—an' I know how that'll happen. Now at eleven we'll meet here if we can to-morrow.'

The two men slunk out, and with great caution proceeded towards different directions of the town, for Nell had recommended them to keep as much asunder as possible, lest their grouping together might expose them to notice. Their place of rendezvous was only resorted to on urgent and necessary occasions.

The next morning, a little after the appointed hour, Nell, Rody and Nanse M'Collum, were sitting in deliberation upon their future plans of life when he of the red hair entered the cabin.

'Well,' said Nell, starting up,—'what was done? show me?'

The man produced a dagger slightly stained with blood

'*Dhamno orrum!*' exclaimed the aged fury, 'but you've failed—an' all's lost if he beats the black.'

'I did fail,' said the miscreant. 'Why woman, if that powerful active fellow had got me in his hands, I'd have tasted the full length of the dagger myself. The d—l's narrow escape I had.'

'The curse of heaven light upon you for a cowardly dog!' exclaimed Nell, grinding her teeth with disappointment. 'You're a faint-hearted villain. Give me the dagger.'

'Give me the money,' said the man.

'For what? no consumm' to the penny; you didn't earn it.'

'I did,' said the fellow, 'or at all events attempted it. Ay, an' I must have it before I lave the house an' what is more you must lug out my share of the black's prog.'

'You'll get nothing of that,' said Rody; 'it was Nell here, not you, who took it.'

'One hundred of it on the nail, this minnit,' said the man, 'or I bid you look to yourselves.'

'It's not mine,' said Rody, 'if Nell shares it, I have no objection.'

'I'd give the villain the price of a rope first,' she replied.

'Then, I am off,' said the fellow, 'an' you'll curse your conduct.'

Nell flew between him and the door, and in his struggle to get out, she grasped at the dagger, but failed in securing it. Rody advanced to separate them, as did Nanse, but the fellow by a strong effort attempted to free himself.—The three were now upon him, and would have easily succeeded in preventing his escape, had it not occurred to him that by one blow he might secure the whole sum. This was instantly directed at Rody, by a back thrust, for he stood behind him. By the rapid change of their positions, however, the breast of Nell M'Collum received the stab that was designed for another.

A short violent shriek followed, as she staggered back and fell.

'Staunch the blood,' she exclaimed, 'staunch the blood, an' there may be a chance of life yet.'

The man threw the dagger down, and was in the act of rushing out, when the door opened, and a *posse* of constables entered the house.—Nell's face become at once ghastly and horror-struck at, for she found that the blood could not be staunched, and that, in fact, eternity was about to open upon her.

'Secure *him*!' said Nell, pointing to her murderer, 'secure him and send quick for Lamh Laudher More. God's hand is in what was happened! As I raised the blow for *him*, an' God has sent it to my own heart. Send too,' she added, for the Dead Boxer's wife, an' if you expect heaven, be quick.'

On receiving Nell's message, the old man, his son, wife, and one or two other friends immediately hurried to the scene of death, where they arrived a few minutes after the Dead Boxer's wife.

Nell lay in dreadful agony; her face was now a bluish yellow, her eye-balls were bent, and her eyes getting dead and vacant.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'Andy Hart! Andy! it was the black hour you brought me from the right way. I was innocent till I met you, an' well thought of; but what was I ever since? an' what am I now?'

'You never met *me*,' said the red-haired stranger, 'till within the last fortnight.'

'What do you mean, you unfortunate man?' asked Rody.

'Andy Hart is *my* name said the man, 'although I don't go by it for some years.'

'Andy Hart!' said Nell, raising herself with a violent jerk, and screaming, Andy Hart!—Andy Hart! stand over before me. Andy Hart! It is his father's voice. O, God!—Strip his breast there, an' see if there's a blood-mark on the left side.'

'I'm beginnin' to fear something dreadful,' said the criminal, trembling and getting pale as death, 'there is—there is a blood mark on the very spot she mentions—see here.'

'I would know him to be Andy Hart's son, God rest him!' observed Lamh Laudher More, 'any where over the world. Blessed mother of heaven! down on your knees, you miserable creature, down on your knees for her pardon! You've murdhered your unfortunate mother!'

The man gave one loud and fearful yell, and dashed himself on the floor at his mother's feet, an appalling picture of remorse. The scene, indeed was terrible a one. He rolled himself about, tore his hair, and displayed every symptom of a man in a paroxism of madness. But among those present, with the exception of the mother and son, there was not such a picture of distress and sorrow, as the wife of the Dead Boxer. She stooped down to raise the stranger up—'Unhappy man!' said she, 'look up, I am your sister!'

'No,' said Nell, no—no—no. There's more o' my guilt. Lamh Laudher More, stand forth, you and your wife. You lost a daughter long ago. Open your arms and take her back a blameless woman. She's your child that I robbed you of as one punishment; the other blow that I intended for you has been struck here. I'm dyin'.'

A long cry of joy burst from the mother and daughter, as they rushed into each other's arms. Nature, always strongest in pure minds, even before this *denouement*, had indeed rekindled the mysterious flame of own affection in their hearts. The father pressed her to his bosom, and forgot the terrors of the scene before him, whilst the son embraced her with a secret consciousness that she was indeed, his long lost sister.

'We couldn't account,' said her parents, 'for the way we loved you the day we met you before the magistrate; every word you said, Alice, darling, went into our hearts wid delight, and we could hardly ever think of your voice ever since that tears didn't spring to our eyes. But we never suspected, as how could we, that you were our child, seein' the strange way we lost you.'

She declared that she felt the same mysterious attachment to them, and to her brother also, from the moment she heard the tones of his voice on the night when the robbery was attempted.

'Nor could I,' said John, 'account for the manner I loved you.'

Their attention was now directed to Nell, who again spoke.

'Nanse give her back the money I robbed her of. There was more o' my villany, but God fought 'gainst me, an'—here I ——. You will find it along with her marriage certificate, an' the gospel she had about her neck, when I kidnapped her, all in my pocket. Where's my son? Still, still, bad as I am, an' bad as he is, isn't he my child? Am not I his mother? put his hand in mine, and let me die as a mother 'od wish!'

Never could there be a more striking contrast witnessed than that between the groups than the present; nor a more impressive exemplification of the interposition of Providence to reward the virtuous and punish the guilty even in this life.

'Lamh Laudher More,' said she, 'I once attempted to stab you, only for preventin' your relation from marryin' a woman that you knew Andy Hart had ruined. You disfigured my face in your anger too;—that an' an your preventin' my marriage, an' my character bein' lost, while it was known what he had refused to marry me for, made me swear an oath of revenge against you an' your's. I may now ax your forgiveness, for I in other dare, nor will I now presume to ax God's.'

'You have mine—you have all our forgiveness,' replied the old man, 'but Nell, ax God's for it's his you stand most in need of—ax God's!'

Nell, however, appeared to hear him not as he spoke.

'Is that your hand in mine, avick?' said she, addressing her son.

'It is—it is,' said the son. 'But mother I didn't, as I'm to stand before God, aun the blow at *you*, but at Rody.'

'Lamh Laudher!' said she forgetting herself, 'I ax your forgive'——

Her head fell down before she could conclude the sentence, and thus closed the last moments of Nell M'Collum.

After the elapse of a short interval, in which Lamh Laudher's daughter received back her money, the certificate, and the gospel, her mother discovered that Rody was the person who had, through Ellen Nell, communicated to him the secret that assisted him in vanquishing the Dead Boxer, a piece of information which saved him from prosecution. The family now returned home, where they found Meehaul Nell, awaiting their arrival, for the purpose of offering his sister's hand and dowry to our hero. This offer, we need scarcely say, was accepted with no sullen spirit. But Lamh Laudher was not so much her interior in wealth as our readers may suppose. His affectionate sister divided her money between him and her parents, with whom she spent the remainder of her days in peace and tranquility. Our great grandfather remembered the wedding, and from him came down to ourselves, as an authentic tradition, the fact that it was an unrivalled one, that it would have never taken place were it not for the terrible challenge of the Dead Boxer.

PUNS AND JOKES.

Why is a man with wooden legs, like one who has made an even bargain? Because he has nothing to *boot*.

When people assemble, why must they do wrong? Because they *must err*, (muster.)

What word contains all the vowels, and in their proper order? Ans. Facetiously and also abstemiously.

What court is a belfry? Ans. Court of appeal, (a peal.)

A carpenter made a door, but it was too large; he cut it, and cut it too little; he cut it again, and made it just fit.

Why is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland like a man enquiring the hour of the day? Because he is *as king* for the time.

Why is idleness like the letter C? Ans. It is the begining of Crime.

Why are the galleries and corridors of a prison like music for the violincello? Because they are *passages for the base*.

Why are Protestants like fleas? Because they are *in-sects*.

What is that which every one knows? The way in which a newspaper *ought* to be conducted.

A NOVELTY.—To see two women pass each other in the street, without each turning round to see what the other had on.

A celebrated occulist has recently discoverd that the worst glasses for the eyes are *brandy* glasses.

THE RESURECTION,
OR
PERSIAN PILLS.

THESE Pills cause from the greatest weakness, distress, and suffering, to a state of strength, health, and happiness. The name of these pills originated from the circumstance of the med cine being used only in the cemeteries of Persia. This vegetable production being of a peculiar kind, led to experiments as to its medical qualities and virtues. In half a century it became an established medicine for the diseases of that country. The extract of this singular production was introduced into some parts of Europe in the year 1783, and used by many celebrated physicians in curing certain diseases, where all other medicines had been used in vain. Early in the year 1792, the extract was combined with a certain vegetable medicine imported from Dura Bara, in the East Indies, and formed into pills. The admirable effect of this compound upon the human system, led physicians and families into its general use. Their long established character, their universal and healing virtues, the detergent and cleansing qualities of their specified action upon the glandular part of the system, are such as will sustain their reputation and general use in the American Republic.

☞TO MOTHERS.☜

Messrs. E. Chase & Co.:

GENTS,—Hearing much said about the extraordinary effects of the **Resurection, or Persian Pills**, upon those about to become mothers, we were induced to make a trial of them. My wife was at that time the mother of five children, and had suffered the most tedious and excruciating pains during and after her confinement of each. She had tried every means, and taken much med cine, but found little or no relief. She commenced taking the Persian Pills about three months before her confinement, (her health being very poor about that length of time previous,) and soon after was enabled, by their use, to attend to the cares of a mother to her family, until her confinement. At the time she commenced taking the Persian Pills, and for several weeks previous, she was afflicted with a dry, hard cough, and frequent, severe cramps, which the use of the Pills entirely removed before using half a box. It is with great confidence that we *advise all those about to become mothers, to make use of the* **Persian Pills**. All those that have taken them in our neighborhood, have got along to the same easy manner, and are about home in a few days. There does not appear to be half the danger of other difficulties setting in after confinement, where these Pills are taken. We gratefully say, let none neglect taking them, for they are in the reach of the poor as well as the rich. We are truly thankful that there is a remedy which bids fair to lessen the world o. suffering, which many of them have to bear, and perhaps save the lives of thousands which otherwise would be lost.

Rochester, May 14, 1838: corner of Caledonia square, Edinburgh street. For further particulars, see subscriber.

S. ROBERTS.
A. G. ROBERTS.

General office of the United States, *E. CHASE & CO.*, Rochester, N. Y.

General Agent for the State of Maine, *SAMUEL ADAMS*, Hallowell.

For sale by THOMAS CROCKER, Paris; HUBBARD & CLARK, South Paris; A. F. Cole & Co. Buckfield; W. H. Burton, Livermore; Geo. Gage, Wilton; Stephen M. Marble, Poland; Nathaniel Perley, Gray Corner; John Higgins, P. M., Porter; Sewall Fly, Hiram; H. C. Buswell, Fryeburg; Nehemiah Winslow, Windham (Upper Corner.) eoply1

JEW DAVID'S
OR
Hebrew Plaster!

THE peculiarities of this Chemical Compound, are owing to its extraordinary effects upon the animal fibres or nerves, ligaments and muscles, its virtues being carried by them to the immediate seat of disease or of pain and weakness.

However good any internal remedy may be, this as an external application, will prove a powerful auxiliary, in removing the disease and facilitating the cure, in cases of local inflammation, Scrofulous affections, King's Evil, Gout, Inflamatory and Chronic Rheumatism, and in all cases where seated pain or weakness exist.

A gentleman travelling in the South of Europe and Palestine, in 18.0, heard so much said in the latter place, in praise of *Jew David's or Hebrew Plaster*, and of the use he considered it an invaluable cure it had performed, that he was induced to try it on his own person, for a Lung and Liver affection, the which had resisted the great influence of that family and all consequate. In a few hand his health improving, and in a few weeks his cough left him, the sallowness of his skin disappeared, his gaut was removed, and his health became permanently reinstated. Since that time, he has been recommending it to his friends and acquaintances, for all fixed pains whatever, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Head-ache, nervous toothache, pain in the Side, Hip, Back and Limbs, Scrofulous humors, Knots, Weins, White swelling, Hard tumors, Stiff joints, Ague cakes, Ague in the Breast, weakness and pain in the stomach, weak Limbs, Lameness, Affection of the spine, Female weaknesses, &c. No family subject to pain or weakness in the back or side, should be without one

Married Ladies, in delicate situations, find great relief from constantly wearing the plaster. The application of the plaster between the shoulders, has been found a certain remedy for Colds, Coughs, Hiboose and sore affections, in their primary stages.—It destroys inflamation by producing a copious perspiration.—No Physician should be without it.

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DR. SEARS'
UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN,
Or: Blood-Root Pills.

THE pretence that any medicine is nearly an "*infallible cure*" for all the diseases "that flesh is heir to," whatever their character, is a flagrant imposition upon the public confidence, and a *most wicked outrage upon the generous sympathy that suffering humans justly demands of us.*—Yet the very frequency and *boldness* of these impious *frauds*, so *eminently cruel* to the *unfortunate* have in some degree led to preventing the public from *realizing* that may be *totally relied upon, duly appreciated and* BENEFICIALLY USED. That power in medieval agents, the BLOOD ROOT, is the basis of the *Universal Sanguinarian Pills*, and all the materials are drawn from the *Vegetable Kingdom*—the grand *source* of support to animal existence. But in the combination, the different ingredients are so blended and modified as to give the *compound a remarkable advantage* over the simples and it is to be used over *all other medicines*. When it is considered that nearly all diseases, chronic and acute, are connected with a disordered action of the *stomach and bowels*, and that in most instances, *this* is superinduced by *disorder* of the *Bile*, or *Gall*, which is the natural physic of the system—and where it is further considered that these Pills act with *singular power upon these many organs*, and through them upon the *blood and entire physical economy*, sober reason must justify the assertion, that the valuable discovery furnishes a remedy of *rare efficiency* in all curable cases of disease; and *this deduction of reason* is abundantly *corroborated by experience*. Thus in accordance with the laws of life, *inspires* and *strengthens nature*, and works its wonders, by generously cheering her on to a *triumphant conflict* with the ordinate agents of disease. It is offered for *general use*, and as a *safe* and most valuable family medicine. *Safe*, not because it *does nothing*—like many contemptible nostrums of *new paper celebrity*, which by occupying the place of efficient remedies are often FATAL—but safe because it *aids* and *co-operates* with *nature*, instead of setting her aside and violently attempting to perform *her work* by *dangerous* EVACUATION AGENCY.

The Proprietor seeks the fullest confidence in the superior virtues of the UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN PILLS.—Such they are presented to the public on their merits alone, and he only wish is to have their claim subjected to the severe but salutary test of intelligent experience. For sale by R. S. BASSETT, East Thomaston, Me.

AGENTS *for the* BLOOD-ROOT PILLS *in Oxford County:*

HIRAM HUBBARD, Paris Hill; O. H. Paine, South Paris; E. Howe, Stander; A. Cole & Co., Buckfield; P. Clark, Turner; C. H. Castle, Minot; J. & W. Stephens, Greenwood; W. E. Goodnow, Norway; O. C. Bolster & Co., Rumford; J. H. Wentworth, Rumford; Graham & Knapp, Rumford; Wm. Walker, Peru; J. M. Dudley, Canton; J. Coolidge, Livermore; A. Holden, Livermore; L. Waterman, Livermore.

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